The Eagle

NYE AS A HIGH CRITIC.

He Takes a Hack at J. Owen O'Connor's Queer "Hamlet"—How an Attempt to Crush the Press Was Thwarted—Mr. O'Connor's Conception of "Hamlet" Analyzed—A Few Cursory Remarks on Histrionic Art Generally—An Audience Ought Not to Talk Back.

THE past week has witnessed the closing debut of that great Shakespearian humorist and emotional ass, Mr. James Owen O'Connor, at the Star Theater. During his extraordinary engagement he has given us Hamlet, Phidias and Shylock, Othello and Richelieu. I think I like his Hamlet best, and yet it is a pleasure to see him in any thing wherein he kills himself.

Encouraged by the success of beautiful but self-made actresses, and hoping to win a place for himself and his portrait in the great soap galaxy, Mr. O'Connor had placed himself in the hands of some misguided elocutionist, and then sought to educate the people of New York and elocute them out of their thraldom, up into the glorious light of the O'Connor school of acting.

The first week he was in the hands of the critics, and they spoke quite serenely of his methods. Later, it was deemed best to place his merits in the hands of a man who would be on an equal footing with him. What O'Connor wanted was one of his peers, who would therefore judge him fairly. I was selected because I know nothing whatever about acting, and would therefore be on an equal footing with Mr. O'Connor.

After seeing his Hamlet I am of the opinion that he did wisely in choosing New York for debutting purposes, for had he chosen Denver, Col., at the end of the third act kind hands would have removed him from the stage by means of benzine and a rag.

I understand that Mr. O'Connor charges Messrs. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett with using their influence here among the masses in order to prejudice said masses against Mr. O'Connor, thus making it unpleasant for him to act, and inciting in the audience a feeling of gentle hostility and rutabagas, which Mr. O'Connor deprecates very much whenever he can get a chance to do so. I have been looking into this matter a little and I do not think it is true. Up to last Thursday Messrs. Booth and Barrett were not aware of Mr. O'Connor's great metropolitan success, and it is generally believed among the friends of the two former gentlemen that they do not feel it so keenly as Mr. O'Connor has been led to suppose.

But James Owen O'Connor has done one thing which I take the liberty of publicly alluding to. He has taken that saddest and most melancholy bit of bloody history, trimmed with assassinations down the back and looped up with remorse, insanity, duplicity and unrequited love, and he has filled it with silvery laughter and cauliflower, and mirth, and various other groceries which the audience threw in from time to time, thus making it more of a spectacular piece than it is under the conservative management of such old school men as Booth, who seem to think that Hamlet should be choked full of sadness.

THE GHOST DODGING CABBAGE.

I went to see Hamlet, thinking that I would be welcome, for my sympathies were with James when I heard that Mr. Booth was picking on him and seeking to injure him. I went to the box-office and explained who I was, and stated that I had been detailed to come and see Mr. O'Connor act, also that in what I might say afterwards my instructions were to give it to Booth and Barrett if I found they had tampered with the audience in any way.

The man in the box office did not recognize me, but said that Mr. Fox would extend to me the usual courtesies. I asked where Mr. Fox could be found, and he said inside. I then started to go inside, but ran against a total stranger, who was "on the door," as we say. He was feeding red and yellow tickets into a large tin oven, and looking far, far away. I conversed with him in low, passionate tones, and asked him where Mr. Fox could be found. He did not know, but thought he was still in Europe. I went back and told the box office that Mr. Fox was in Europe. He said no, I would find him inside. "Well, but how will I get inside?" I asked, eagerly, for I could already, I fancied, hear the orchestra begin to twang its lyre.

"Walk in," said he, taking in two dollars and giving back fifty cents in change to a man with a dead cat in his overcoat pocket.

I went back, and springing lightly over the iron railing while the gate-keeper was thinking over his glorious past, I went all around over the theater looking for Mr. Fox. I found him haggling over the price of some vegetables which he was selling at the stage door and which had been contributed by admirers and old subscribers to Mr. O'Connor at a previous performance.

When Mr. Fox got through with that I presented to him my card, which is as good a piece of job work in colors as was ever done west of the Missouri river and to which I frequently point with pride.

Mr. Fox said that he was sorry, but that Mr. O'Connor had instructed him to extend no courtesies to the press whatever. The press, he claimed, had said something derogatory to Mr. O'Connor as a tragedian, and while he personally would be tickled to death to give me two divans and a folding-bed near the large fiddle, he must do as Mr.

TRYING TO ENTER THE THEATER.

O'Connor had bid—or bade him, I forget which: and so, keeping back his tears with great difficulty, he sent me back to the box office, and although I was already admitted in a general way, I went to the box office and purchased a seat. I believe now that Mr. Fox thought he had virtually excluded me from the house when he told me I would have to pay in order to get in.

I bought a seat in the parquet and went in. The audience was not large and there were not over a dozen ladies present.

Pretty soon the orchestra began to ooze in through a little opening under the stage. Then the overture was given. It was called "Egmont." The curtain now arose on a scene in Denmark. I had asked an usher to take a note to Mr. O'Connor requesting an audience, but the boy had returned with the statement that O'Connor was busy rehearsing his soliloquy and removing a shirred egg from his halidome.

He also said he could not promise an audience to any one. It was all he could do to get enough himself for a mess.

So the play went on. Elsinore, where the first act takes place, is in front of a large stone water tank, where two gentlemen armed with long-handled hay knives are on guard.

All at once a ghost, who walks with an overstrung Chickering action and stiff, jerky, Waterbury movement, comes in, wearing a dark, mosquito net over his head—so that harsh critics can not truly say there are any flies on him, I presume. When the ghost enters most every one enjoys it. Nobody seems to be frightened at all. I knew it was not a ghost as quick as I looked at it. One man in the gallery hit the ghost on the head with a soda cracker, which made him jump and feel of his ear; so I knew then that it was only a man made up to look like a presence.

One of the guards, whose name, I think, is Smith, has a droop of his legs and an instability about the knees, which are highly enjoyable. He walks like a frozen-toed hen, and stands first on one foot and then on the other, with almost human intelligence. His support is about as poor as O'Connor's.

After a while the ghost vanishes with what is called a stately tread, but I regard it more as a territorial tread. Horatio did quite well and the audience frequently

THE MANAGER GATHERING THE CROP.

listenened to him. Still he was about the only one who did not receive crackers and cheese as a slight testimonial of regard from admirers in the audience.

Finally, Mr. James Owen O'Connor entered. It was fully five minutes before he could be heard, and even then he could not. His mouth moved now and then and a gesture would suddenly burst forth, but I did not hear what he said. At least I could not hear distinctly what he said. After awhile, as people got tired and went away, I could hear better.

Mr. O'Connor introduces into his Hamlet a set of gestures evidently intended for another play. People who are going to act out on the stage can not be too careful in getting a good assortment of gestures that will fit the play itself. James has provided himself with a set of gestures which might do for Little Eva or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," but they do not fit Hamlet. There is where he makes a mistake. Hamlet is a man whose victuals don't agree with him. He feels depressed and talks about sticking a bodkin into himself, but Mr. O'Connor gives him a light, elastic step and an air of persiflage, *bonhomie* and frisk which does not fit the character.

Mr. O'Connor has sought in his conception and interpretation of Hamlet to give it a free and jaunty Kokomo flavor—a nameless twang of tansy and dried apples which Shakespeare himself failed to sock into his great drama.

James has done this and more. He has taken the wild-eyed and morbid Blackwell's Island Hamlet, and made him a two-dollar parlor humorist who can be the life of the party or give lessons in elocution, and take applause or crackers and cheese in return for the same.

There is really a good lesson to be learned from the pitiful and pathetic tale of James Owen O'Connor. Injudicious friends have doubtless overestimated his value and unduly praised his Smart Aleckutionary powers. Loving himself unwisely, but too extensively, he has been led away into the great, untried purgatory of public scrutiny, and the general indictment has followed.

The truth stands out brighter and stronger than ever that there is no cut across lots to fame or success. He who seeks to jump from mediocrity to a glittering triumph over the heads of the patient student and the earnest, industrious candidate who is willing to bide his time gets what James Owen O'Connor has received—the just condemnation of those who are abundantly able to judge.

In seeking to combine the melancholy beauty of Hamlet's deep and earnest pathos with the gentle humor of "A Hole in the Ground" Mr. O'Connor has evidently corked himself, as we say at the Browning Club, and it is but justice after all. Before we curse the condemnation of the people and the press let us carefully and prayerfully look ourselves over and see if we have not overestimated ourselves.

There are many men alive to-day who do not dare say any thing without first thinking how it will read in their memoirs—men whom we can not, therefore, thoroughly enjoy until they are dead, and yet whose graves will be kept green only so long as the appropriation lasts.—*Bill Nye, in N. Y. World.*

A Judicious Negro.

Old Uncle Mose had never been in the theater, but having stuck up bills for a theatrical troupe and having received a complimentary ticket to the gallery, he concluded to attend the performance. He went dressed up in his Sunday attire. He had not been in the theater more than half an hour when he emerged shaking his head.

"Don't you like the performance, old man?" asked the surprised doorkeeper.

"No, sah, I don't like dem purformances no way ye kin fix it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nuffin' much, 'ceptin' a wooman on de platform got to talkin' 'bout family 'fairs wid de husband ob anudder 'oman, an' I didn't perpose to stay. My ole marster in Virginny got shot plum ter pieces for doing dat berry foolishness. Dar's allers trouble whar dat kind of foolishness is goin' on, an' I'se a judishus nigger, I is. I don't want ter be shot in de leg by mistake, or be brunged up as a witness in de case when it strikes de courts."—*Siftings.*

Why They Moved.

A little Harlem boy, whose impecunious parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher:

"Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?"

"Because they couldn't pay their rent, I suppose," was the reply.

Somewhat Conservative.

Old Lady (in drug-store, to boy)—Kin you recommend this liniment as bein' the best in the market, boy?

Boy (dubiously)—Well, I wuddent go fer to recommend it too high, ma'am, on three dollars a week.—*Tid-Bits.*

His Big Brother Knew.

"John," said a young lad to his big brother, "the doctor told me to be careful of myself for fear I would have a relapse. What is a relapse?"

"A relapse! A relapse," explained the accommodating brother, "is when a girl gets mad and rises from her fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again; that's what is called a relapse."

He Was Deaf and Dumb.

George (to Charlie, in Palmer House)—See that gray-haired old gent sitting over there? Well, he's one of the most truthful men in this city. He's eighty years old and never told a lie.

Charlie (fanatic)—Ah, yes, of course. Deaf and dumb, probably.

William Dean Howells To-Night.

"'W-i-l-l-i-a-m D-e-a-n H-o-w-e-l-l-s T-o-n-i-g-h-t,'" spelled a New York street gamin from a placard at which he was squinting with one eye closed.

"I say, Dinny, whose dat bloke, Billy Dean?" questioned a brother arab at his side. "Wot's it 'e howls fer?"

A FREAK OF AGES.

When I was eight and she was ten,
  How proud those two years made her;
She told the difference loud and oft,
  No audience delayed her.

And still she gloried in her years—
  And called me "Little Boy."
When she was sixteen, fourteen I—
  To me life's one alloy.

When I away to college hied,
  Her airs were still maternal;
Her letters teemed with good advice
  To her "young friend, fraternal."

At twenty-one I sought the maid,
  (My heart was fast consuming),
And told my love; she scorned my suit—
  "So *young*, and *so* presuming."

To heal my wounds I roamed abroad;
  And time my woes did leaven.
* * * * * * *
I'm married now, and forty-four;
  Miss Nancy's—twenty-seven.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

STORY OF A PORTRAIT;

Or, How Circumstances Make the Man or Woman.

THE holidays found us, a gay company of young ladies guests at the hospitable home of a friend of ours, who had recently married a distinguished lawyer. Our days were spent in talking over old times together, in reading, and in gaining new ideas and experience in the important field of fancy work. Our evenings were usually enlivened by the presence of numerous young gentlemen from the city, and tableaux, charades and music had by turns engaged our attention.

But on this particular evening of which I write I was the victim of that foe to beauty and good temper, influenza, so I had persuaded my young friends to go to a party, to which we had been invited, without me. Every thing had been done for my comfort, and I was cozily ensconsed in a large easy chair, in front of the library fire. My host had been reading to his wife and me, and I think I must have been dozing, for when he stopped I suddenly jumped up and exclaimed in the prim style of my childhood: "Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Ralston run to me, and said: "What are you talking about, Jean."

"I thought that lady spoke to me," I said, rubbing my eyes and joining in the laugh at my expense, as I pointed to the portrait of a handsome lady, hanging over the mantle. I had often noticed it. The face was *handsome*, not *beautiful*, the eyes were black and piercing, the mouth and chin showed decision, while the splendidly-shaped head and high forehead denoted intellect of no mean order. Her abundant hair was dressed high, and profusely powdered. She wore a scarlet satin robe with an immense train, open over a white satin petticoat. The waist was filled in with lace, the sleeves were short with large puffs, while long, white silk mits covered her hands and arms.

The figure was tall and well developed, the position was dignified and graceful. You felt that here was a woman born to command, and with ability to do it wisely, too.

"Oh," said Mr. Ralston, "my stately ancestress summoned you, did she? She is a regular aristocrat, isn't she?"

"Yes," I replied, enthusiastically; "she looks like a born Queen. Please tell me about her."

"Well," he said, "I will tell you the story as I have heard my grandfather tell it. His father was a circuit judge in Western Pennsylvania, and at the time of which I speak was about thirty-five years old, and very handsome, of course. His duties led him to travel through his district, and at that day he journeyed on horseback. On one of these jaunts he found himself in a lonely spot in the mountains, and as both he and his horse were tired and hungry, he was glad to see in the distance a small farm-house. Putting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the fence opposite the door. The sound of his approach drew the family to the door; so he politely accosted the mother and asked if he could get some refreshment for himself and horse. She agreed, and a tall, lithe girl of about fifteen darted out and, resting her hands lightly on the fence, vaulted over it, and, as he had dismounted, she, with an alertness which amazed him, leaped into the saddle, and saying: "I will take your horse to the stable and feed him, sir," rode off.

He conversed with the woman, and found her a shrewd, sensible person, though uncultured. That they were *poor*, he could see for himself.

The father, he learned, was not strong, but did his best to support his family, and, as the woman proudly said, "they had neither starved or begged, and she reckoned they never would." She enjoyed the opportunity of talking to the handsome stranger, and so he learned most of her his-

"I WILL TAKE YOUR HORSE."

tory, how Margaret, her oldest girl, loved to study, and how there was no chance for her, and how Tommy was "the picture of his father, and as good a boy as ever lived," and about the twins, etc., etc.

The judge skillfully included the black-eyed Margaret in the conversation, and was delighted with her wit and intelligence. He left her a book which he had in a pocket, and after awhile resumed his journey.

But the memory of that bright girl lingered with him. She ought to be educated, he thought.

"My, what a woman she would make, such a figure, too, how she leaped that fence; what a pity she shouldn't have a chance to develop that intellect. I've a notion to help her."

Now, the judge, an eccentric man, had no one to consider but himself, and cared not a rush for public opinion. So it came to pass that he stopped at the little farm-house several times, each time bringing some literary food to the eager girl, who so enjoyed it. On one of these visits he said to the mother: "Your daughter ought to be educated; give her to me, and I will send her to school and give her every advantage of culture, and then," he added, "I will marry her." The mother said: "If you take my child from my protection to yours, you must have a husband's right, or I will not let her go with you."

After some talk the judge agreed; the girl was already in love with him, so the nearest minister was sent for and they were married.

"Now, Judge Ralston," said her mother, "she is your wife, and you have a right to clothe and educate her."

So he took her to Philadelphia to a friend of his, and asked her to order a suitable school outfit, and then he took her to a celebrated boarding-school, and she was instructed as a young lady, and he was supposed to be her guardian. For four years she studied hard, and her improvement was wonderful. At the close of that period the judge took her home to her mother, and their marriage was made public. He went to housekeeping in his native city, and was surprised at the ease and grace with which his wife presided over his elegant establishment. He soon found that her executive ability greatly exceeded his own and so resigned all financial matters to her. She found his affairs needed attention, for the judge was very careless about money matters, and she soon found that it

"YOU MUST HAVE A HUSBAND'S RIGHTS."

bored him to ask his advice about little things, so she took counsel of her own wit and common sense and evolved order out of what threatened to be chaos.

At the same time she continued her studies, and her husband was proud to bring his learned friends to his house, sure that his beautiful young wife would do the honors royally.

They spent a winter in Washington, where she drew around her the choicest spirits of the time, and some how it came to pass that her husband was appointed Minister to France. Of course she went with him, and her residence abroad gave her manners that perfect finish which distinguished her. That portrait was painted there by a distinguished artist of that day.

They had quite a large family, and she lived to a ripe old age. One of her sons won a fine literary reputation, being the author of several legal works, which are to-day quoted as authority on the subjects of which they treat.

With the exception of the years she spent abroad, she made annual visits to her old home, and very materially improved the condition of affairs there, though she would not allow her husband to do as much for the family as he in his careless generosity would have done. Her brothers were assisted so far as to help them to become independent in their own sphere, not lifted above it, for as the mother grimly remarked: "Judge Ralston married *Margaret*, not the whole family."

She was a faithful wife and nurse to her husband, who died some years before she did. He often said she was the builder of his fortune as well as the joy of his life. At his death he left her the sole executor of his large estate, and when she died it was found that her affairs were in perfect order, and her will bequeated the property so justly that none of the heirs could complain. This is only another illustration of how circumstances make the man or woman.

"I fear," added Mr. Ralston, "that I have wearied you with my long story." I eagerly disclaimed all fatigue, and after thanking Mr. Ralston for the pleasure he had given me, I returned to my room to think and dream over the tale I had heard, and to wonder if Mr. Ralston's younger brother had inherited any of the traits of character which distinguished his ancestors, for I privately confess some interest in said brother.

MRS. L. B. LAVELY.

Nailing a Lie.

There was a statement in the paper about Noodleby that he swore was false.

"Then why don't you nail it?" roared his bucolic friend.

"Do you think it would do any good?" feebly replied Noodleby.

"Good! Of course it would. Nail it, man, nail it!"

When Fightlee came around a little later he found Noodleby tacking something white in a conspicuous place on the board fence.

"What you doing?" he shouted.

Noodleby paused, with hammer in hand, long enough to answer: "I'm nailing that lie. Come to think it over, it wasn't such a whopper after all, and I thought the editor wouldn't get so mad at this, you know."

Always Had a V on Hand.

"Here's something that goes to prove my theory that the densest ignorance of a subject never seems to debar a man from writing about it!" said the literary reviewer on a daily paper.

"What have you struck now?" questioned the boss reporter.

"Oh, nothing new; merely a reference to an old-time book on "Money," written by Henry V. Poor. What does a poor man know about money, I want to know?"

"Henry should have known something about money; he always had something on hand that you seldom have, and would like continually to be borrowing."

"What's that?"

"A V."

An Exception to the Rule.

"I tell you what, if I had a chance to marry again, I believe I'd marry a dumb woman," exclaimed Sweller to a club friend.

"Caught another curtain-lecture last night, and are a little out of sorts this evening in consequence, eh, old boy? 'Bout the size of the complaint, isn't it?" questioned the friend.

"That's just what I did get; and I got enough to appreciate that old maxim, 'silence in golden.'"

"Ah, not always, my dear fellow. Think of the oyster. Perfectly dumb, and yet he is continually getting into broils and stews."

Nothing Ailed Her Dobrudscha.

"I notice the Russians are suffering a good deal from sickness in the Dobrudscha," read Pastor Surplice to his aged housekeeper.

"They be, air they?" responded the old lady. "Well I've had pains everywheres; pains in my head, pains in my stummick, and pains in my jints—but I never had nuthin' th' matter wuth my Dobrudscha. I thank Heaven I hain't had nuthin' bother me there yit. Ef I do, I'll jist fur the undertaker, straight."

Reduction of the Death Rate.

Dr. Hammond's assertion that no man need to die if he only knew the laws of life, and obeyed them, gets considerable comfort from recent English statistics. Noel Humphreys, in 1883, showed that the reduction of the mean death rate from a little over 22 to about 20 per 1,000, meant an addition of two years to the mean duration of life of every male, and of three and a half years to that of every female. The farther death rate reduction to 19.3, which has been achieved since 1884, means another proportionate increase of the duration of lives. From 1840-1850 the death rate of Liverpool was 36 per 1,000. It is now 23.7 per 1,000. This is due to the application of sanitary science. That is, there are about 4,000 persons alive now, who, under the death rate of 1850, should be in their graves. The health-saving is even greater. The savings of a monetary sort are over $3,000,000. Who shall be a grumbler and a pessimist in such an age as ours?

One Drawback.

Visitor (to convict)—Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery.

Convict—Yes, sir, but the company is a little mixed.—*Life.*

WISCONSINS AT WASHINGTON.

The Badger State's Handsome and Intellectual Body of Representatives at the National Capital—Men Who Have Made Themselves Valuable Citizens.

[Special Washington Correspondence.]

The people of Wisconsin have not only a good-looking set of representatives in Congress but they are a practical hard-headed group of men. To run over the list and think of their beginning makes this fact plain. Senator Sawyer when seventeen years old bought his time, leased a sawmill and began making his large fortune. Senator Spooner's father drove overland from Indiana to Wisconsin taking his future Senator with him when he was a small boy. Congressman La Follette, the only native of Wisconsin in the delegation was born in a log house in his district. Congressman Stephenson has been a lumberman all his life. Congressman Guenther is a druggist. Clark, of the Neenah-Menasha district, is a paper-maker. Henry Smith, the Milwaukee member, is a millwright, contractor and builder. Haugen, the Scandinavian Congressman, is a stenographer when at home. Tom Hudd, the only Democrat from the Badger State used to be a printer before he became a lawyer.

The Nestor of the Wisconsin group of Senators and members is Philetus Sawyer, who is the senior Senator and has served more years in Congress than any of his colleagues. He is a hearty, hale old gentleman of seventy-one. He would make a good Santa Claus without need of disguise. His snow-white hair forms a *chevaux de pisa* about a large rotund head that many years ago "went bald" as the Senator says. His beard also, is white, and the general effect of a fine rosy complexion surrounded by driven white is quite patriarchal. Mr. Sawyer's home is in Oshkosh, where he has a pleasant capacious mansion with a whole block laid out in grounds. What the Senator's wealth is, nobody, not even himself, knows. He is commonly supposed to be worth over three millions. Last summer he bought a little matter of 250,000 acres of timber land in Wisconsin. He was born in Vermont and

1. HUDD. 2. CASWELL.
3. CLARK. 4. GUENTHER.
5. LA FOLLETTE. 6. THOMAS.
7. SMITH. 8. STEPHENSON.
9. HAUGEN.

is a great friend of Senator Edmunds. In his daily life Senator Sawyer is a delightfully practical amiable man. He is best described as a motherly old man. He helps everybody who has the slightest claim on his sympathy. "I don't know how much I give away," he one day said to me, "but I can guess at it. I know my income and expenses; the rest I give away. Last year it was over $25,000 outside of what I gave in my own family." Senator Sawyer occupies a fine large mansion on I street which he leases for his Senatorial term. He is now building a house to cost about $100,000 for his daughter, Mrs. White, who presides over his household. Mrs. Sawyer being an invalid.

Senator Spooner is the orator in the Badger delegation. He is one of the most formidable debaters in the Senate and his periods carry not only crushing conviction but are brilliant in imagery and terse and compact in style. He is a native of Indiana, born in 1843. The war came on just as he was passing out of his boyhood and he enlisted. He rose to be colonel and with more years and a favorable environment might have made a soldier of renown, for he has an essentially strategic mind and is a born fighter. Your first impression of him and the most natural one is that he is a man of reserved force, terribly in earnest. His education was secured in the university of Wisconsin and he is now a regent of that institution. To look at Senator Spooner and realize that he has been a successful lawyer for twenty years is not easy. He has had many large fees and when he came to the Senate was receiving fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Spooner makes the Senator's home one of the most socially pleasant to be found at the Capital. The Senator's three boys are pursuing their studies in Washington.

The leader of the delegation in the House is Lucien Bonaparte Caswell. He has been in Wisconsin over fifty years, having gone there from Vermont when he was ten years old. He studied law with Matt Carpenter and was educated at Beloit College, Wisconsin. Mr. Caswell has had a long experience in public life, as District Attorney, State Legislator and Congressman. He has had a seat in the National Legislature for eleven years. Age is silvering his dark brown hair, but Mr. Caswell is strong and healthy and does two men's work every day of his life. He is a member of the judiciary committee.

Richard Guenther, the itinerant member, is the lucky man of them all. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth in Potsdam, Prussia, forty-three years ago, and has been successful ever since. He lives in Oshkosh, represents General Bragg's second district. He studied pharmaceutics in the Royal Pharmacy at Potsdam, and was keeping a drug store in 1876, when he first went into politics and was elected State Treasurer. He was re-elected, and then

SENATOR SAWYER.

sent to Congress where he has served seven years. Mr. Guenther is a happy, brilliant speaker, an active committeeman and a jolly liver. The motto on his coat of arms is: "UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA," which being translated with some degree of liberality, means; "wherever I can have a roaring good time, there's my fatherland."

Every body knows LaFollette—Bob La Follette, to be precisely polite, for it would hurt his feelings to call him Robert. He is the youngest Wisconsin member. He was born thirty-three years ago in the blooming town of Primrose, Dane County, Wis. His wife was born near by, and the log houses where each first saw the light are still standing. Mr. La Follette graduated at the University of Wisconsin in 1879, before that having won distinction as the successful orator in a contest to which the colleges of six Western States sent representatives. He was district-attorney two terms, and is on his second term in Congress. Mrs. La Follette is a well-read lawyer herself, and like her husband, takes a keen interest in politics. Representing a "dry" district, La Follettte is able to make a sharp fight on the River and Harbor bill every year and does it skillfully.

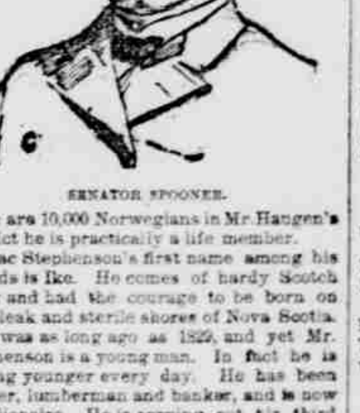
Henry Smith, of Milwaukee, is a sort of a man without a country in this Fiftieth Congress. He was elected by the Knights of Labor, or, as he calls them, the Labor party. Accordingly, Mr. Smith goes into neither Republican nor Democratic party caucus, but treads the cold and narrow path between the two that just at present seems to lead nowhere in particular. Henry Smith is an almighty good fellow. He is honest. He is industrious. He means to do right. Mr. Smith will soon be fifty years old, and will go over to Baltimore, his birth-place, to celebrate the fact. His parents went to Milwaukee in 1845, and he has lived there since. He has run the whole gamut of political offices—been alderman, city comptroller, State legislator and all that.

Tom Hudd is the familiar name of the Green Bay Congressman. In the thirties he was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and he is slightly the senior of that other foremost Buffalo Democrat who writes pension vetoes at the White House and goes riding with Mrs. Cleveland every afternoon. Mr. Hudd has lived in Wisconsin since 1853. Lawrence University, at Appleton, gave him his education, and he read law at Appleton. He held numerous State and municipal offices, and was elected to Congress when the late Joseph Rankin died in 1886. Mr. Hudd is chairman of the Committee on Accounts in the Interior Department, and keeps close watch on that other notable Wisconsin Democrat who presides over that department, Colonel William Freeman Vilas.

Congressman Clark, of his populous manufacturing district, including Oshkosh, Neenah and Menasha, is a prosperous paper manufacturer. He was elected to Congress against his will, and would be happy as a lark if he could resign with any sort of dignity and go back to the mills. He was born in New York in 1844, and is forty-four years old. In 1855 he became a resident of Wisconsin, and when the war broke out it was not long before he enlisted. His home is made charming by a practical, matter-of-fact wife and daughter. The latter, Miss Kitty, is a graduate of Wells College, New York, and a particular friend of Mrs. Cleveland.

Ormsy B. Thomas, the Prairie du Chien member, never gets on a street-car unless one of the horses is white. Mr. Thomas says this peculiar habit has a tendency to keep his hair cool. Like Senator Sawyer, he was born in Vermont. He is fifty-six years old, and since 1836 has lived in the Badger State. He has served in the army, climbed the political ladder, office over office, and is on his second term in Congress. Mr. Thomas is a delightful conversationalist and a forcible debater. He is a man who is ready to fight for what he believes is right, and he wouldn't believe in any thing else.

To hear his colleagues speak of him you would think Haugen the Norsk member was a Celt. They call him Hoogan. He is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. As



SENATOR SPOONER.

there are 10,000 Norwegians in Mr. Haugen's district he is practically a life member.

Isaac Stephenson's first name among his friends is Ike. He comes of hardy Scotch stock and had the courage to be born on the bleak and sterile shores of Nova Scotia. That was as long ago as 1829, and yet Mr. Stephenson is a young man. In fact he is getting younger every day. He has been farmer, lumberman and banker, and is now a millionaire. He is serving out his third term and is likely to be an inmate of the House as long as he will consent to be re-elected. He is the Northwestern representative on the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, where his shrewdness has been more than once apparent. In person Stephenson is notable. He is six feet and one inch tall and rather spare. He wears his curling hair and beard long. This gives him a sharp resemblance to the old Roman Jupiter Pluvius, God of Rivers, which is quite appropriate for a member of the River and Harbor Committee. No sketch of Mr. Stephenson would be complete without mention of the fact that he is vice-president of the Congressional Prohibition Association.

J. A. TRUESDELL.

A Good Recommend.

A stranger from the interior entered a Detroit wholesale clothing house the other day and stated that he was looking around for a retail stock. After being welcomed he was asked concerning his financial standing and he promptly replied:

"Maybe I doan' haf some rating in der books, but I can recommend myself. I vhas insured for $2,000, und I burns out und got der money in my pocket."

"Then you didn't lose?" queried the wholesaler.

"It vhas a cold day, eh?" absently replied the man, as he looked out upon the winter-coated pedestrians.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GENERAL CROOK.

The Major-General Succeeding General Terry, Recently Retired.

GENERAL CROOK.

The officer recently nominated by President Cleveland for the vacancy in the army occasioned by the retirement of Major-General A. H. Terry, on account of ill health, is General George Crook, the senior Brigadier-General, and first in the line of promotion. Not only as the ranking brigadier, but also in acknowledgment of his long and distinguished career, this honor was well deserved. Born near Dayton, O., September 8, 1829, General Crook was appointed from that State to the Military Academy at West Point in 1848, and graduated four years later, number thirty-eight in a class of forty-three members, receiving an assignment as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. His promotion to be First Lieutenant followed in 1856, while the the outbreak of the civil war advanced him to his Captaincy. His service up to that time had been in frontier duty, principally on the Pacific coast, where he was wounded by an Indian arrow in the Pitt river expedition of 1857, which he commanded.

Made Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers, he took part in the operations of 1861 in West Virginia; subsequently in McClellan's Maryland campaign of 1862; then in command of a division of cavalry in Rosecrans' Army of the Cumberland, fighting at Chicamauga, and pursuing General Wheeler across the Tennessee, in 1863; then again in West Virginia, in 1864, when he won a victory at Cloyd Mountain; then in the Shenandoah Valley, where he commanded an organisation known as the Army of West Virginia, or the Eighth Corps; and finally in command of a division of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac during the final campaign of 1865, which ended in Lee's surrender. His brevets in the regular army for gallant and meritorious service include that of Major for the battle of Lewisburg in 1861, where he was wounded; that of Lieutenant-Colonel for the battle of Antietam; that of Colonel for the battle of Farmington; that of Brigadier-General for the campaign of 1864 in West Virginia, which latter also procured his brevet of Major-General of Volunteers; that of Major-General for battle of Fisher's Hill. Meanwhile he had risen to the full rank of Major-General of Volunteers in 1864.

After the war he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, and reached his grade of Brigadier-General in the regular army nearly fifteen years ago, in 1873. He has until now been in command of the Department of the Platte, with head-quarters at Omaha, but will hereafter have a Division command.

The prominent part taken by General Crook in Indian affairs during the last twenty years has made his name familiar to the public. His successes have been not only in conducting hostilities, but in warding off Indian wars, and in negotiations with the tribes. Nothing in General Crook's career is more to his credit than the earnestness with which he has often defended the red men from imputations of bad faith and of desire for war, sometimes sacrificing his own popularity among the frontiersmen to a sense of justice in placing the responsibility for outbreaks where it belonged.

GENERAL J. R. BROOKE.

Promoted a Brigadier to Succeed General Crook.

The special distinction involved in the selection of Colonel John R. Brooke, Third Infantry, to be Brigadier-General in place of General Crook, promoted, is obvious from the fact that he was only the eighth highest in relative rank among the Colonels of the line, and that five Colonels in his own arm, the infantry, outranked him. The well-known names of these officers—Colonel Grierson, Tenth Cavalry; Colonel E. Hatch, Ninth; Colonel C. H. Smith, Nineteenth Infantry; Colonel Andrews, Twenty-fifth; Colonel Kautz, Eighth; Colonel Wheaton, Second; Colonel Shafter, First—sufficiently indicate the qualities which Colonel Brooke must possess as a soldier, and his fitness for hard service in any form of duty that may be required, in order to be passed over their heads for promotion.

Born in Pennsylvania July 21, 1838, General Brooke has not yet reached the age of fifty. He was among the foremost to obey the call of President Lincoln for volunteers, entering the service as a Captain of a three months' regiment, the Fourth Pennsylvania. At the end of his term he became Colonel of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania. His commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers did not come until the summer of 1864, but it then brought exceptional honors, being awarded specifically "for distinguished services during the recent battles of the Old Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House." Only eight other officers now remaining on the active list have received commissions for specified distinguished services. His brevet of Major-General of Volunteers was dated from August 1, 1864, and in 1867 he received the brevet of Brigadier-General in the regular army. At the reorganization of the army after the war he received the high rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-seventh Infantry, was transferred to the Third in 1869, took promotion in course to Colonel of the Thirteenth in 1879, and was again transferred to the Third, of which he has been in command till now, his headquarters being at Fort Shaw, Montana. He is universally regarded as an excellent officer.

GENERAL BROOKE.

Fuller Than the Bard Laureate.

"That is a very suggestive line of Tennyson's where he writes:

'Ring the fuller minstrel in.'

Don't you think so?" inquired Gillispoon of De Ton.

"Yes, rather," returned De Ton. "If you had been outside I should have thought Tennyson was asking for you because you were drunker than he was himself."

Lack of Forethought.

"Here!" cried an editor to his foreman, "what does this mean? Who read the proof on this article about Podsheimer's legacy? That should be $10,000 and not $1,000."

"Compositor's fault, sir. 'Twas marked in the proof."

"Well, then, how's it the compositor's fault if you looked over the revise?"

"Lack of fourth ought, sir."

No Wonder That They Die Hard.

"Jansen," said a farmer to his German farm-hand, as they walked through a potato-patch hunting bugs, "how do you spell these things in German?"

"Pflichtendiriwechtenlawbenachteschooptensiaffechthet," replied Jansen.

"By gum!" ejaculated the granger. "I don't wonder they are hard to kill."

He Knew About Chicago.

"I hear a good deal about cigar strikers in New York," said an Omaha man to a Chicagoan; "what seems to be the trouble? Do you know?"

"I don't know much about cigar strikers in New York; but I know it's mighty hard to strike a good cigar in Chicago," replied the Garden City man.

It is strange, but the only subject the civil-service examiners don't question you on is politeness.

"I'll be the death of you yet," as the hangman said to the murderer after the rope had broken a few times.